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## 1. Right or Wrong?

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><p><strong><em>How To Fight Your Zombies<em>**
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There aren't too many things I don't like. Sure, my little island...town...thing can get stuffy and annoying at times, and my life is kind of not great, but I don't dislike it, really.

Now, I don't like when my dad ignores me, or the fact that everyone thinks I'm...well, a hiccup in their lovely little dragon-infested, smelly, Viking world. But more than anything, I hate, hate, when I'm wrong.

When the first Terrible Terror showed up...yesterday morning, I guess it was, everyone thought the little thing was just having a bad day. It was foaming at the mouth, and flopping around like a fish on dry land (we have lots of those around here), and looked really sick. I'm not really sure what happened from there, because apparently I'm not fit to take on even the lowliest of dragons, and my dad kept shouting at me to go home, but a bunch more Terrors showed up, and people started getting bitten. Normally that would have been fine; Terrors were small, and it's not hard to treat their equally small bites (though it was a little weird that they were biting instead of shooting their little fireballs). But this time, anyone who got bitten started acting strangely, almost like they had been poisoned. I saw one of them, and it wasn't pretty; the man's eyes were bulging, and his skin was almost grey.

My dad, Stoic the Vast, chief of our tribe thing (I really don't know what to call anything around here), thought everything would be fine. After people started realizing the people getting bitten were poisoned, they got rid of the Terrors by stuffing the bodies in a sack and chucking it into the sea. (It's a tried and true method of dealing with almost any problem here.) There were only a few victims, and they were being treated; even if they died, it wouldn't be a huge tragedy. (It sounds like we're barbarians who don't care when our own people get killed...but it's not like that. We just lose men all the time. It happens when you fight hordes of vicious dragons on a weekly basis.) But then, really early this morning, all Hel broke loose.

Yeah, how I hate being wrong? This kind of thing is why.

My dad and I heard the screaming, and we woke up almost screaming ourselves. (At least, I almost screamed. I don't know about Dad.) As usual, he shoved me back into the house when I tried to follow him out, but, also as usual, I followed anyway, and kind of wished I hadn't. I'll never forget what I saw, even though I only looked for a split-second.

A woman was screaming bloody murder and running up the hill towards our house. She was clutching her hand to her chest; I could just barely make out, by the light of the few torches outside, that some of her fingers had been lopped off, and blood was spraying everywhere... But the worst part were her eyes. The white parts were a nasty yellow, and bulging out of her head like they were gonna pop out at any second. I ducked back into the house at that point, watching my dad through a tiny crack I left in the door.

I would have definitely advised against it, but my dad grabbed the lady's shoulders and began shouting, which was classic Stoic. She was freaking out (obviously), but eventually said something about Terrors and being bitten. Dad kept yelling, trying to get answers, but she

passed out at some point and flopped onto the ground, writhing (like a fish on dry land).

Dad shouted something to me, something about staying inside and not messing anything up, and he ran down to the village, carrying the woman with him. This was one time I didn't really want to disobey him, so I shut and latched the door and peeked out a window that faced the village. I guess I fell asleep there somehow, because the next thing I remember was waking up to the pale light of dawn and horrible shrieks from down the hill; I watched for awhile, but didn't see anything out of the ordinary.

But then the first one, the first...\_thing\_ ran far enough up the hill that I could make it out. It was...it looked like one of us, a Viking, but it's face and hands could just have well been bare bone, and it's eyes were an awful, shining yellow. It was chasing a man up towards our house, and then...it jumped on him, and bit him right on the side of his neck. The man let out a screech like nothing I had ever heard before and started thrashing around, eventually getting away from the thing. It was too late though; a huge chunk was missing from his neck, and I could see his eyes shifting from dark, normal Viking eyes to the yellow ghost-lights of those creatures.

I had had enough at that point. I knew I couldn't fight those things, and I'd be killed if I stayed in the house. It seemed like they were all still in the village, but I couldn't be sure. I was kind of in shock (wouldn't you be?) and barely managed to shove some bread and dried fish into a bag before I was out the back door. I didn't think about what was going on, or what it meant or anything; the only thought running through my brain was to get as far away from those things as possible.

And then, somehow, I was running through the forest like a madman, with had no idea where I was going, or what I was gonna do when I got there. My chest hurt...I'm not made for that much exercise. I couldn't hear the sounds from the village anymore, so that was comforting, but I must have sounded like a Monstrous Nightmare trampling a house, crashing through the underbrush. (I'm not that graceful either.)

I suddenly found myself wishing I had grabbed one of my dad's big battle axes or something; anything more dangerous than the little dagger that was slapping against my hip. I knew that would slow me down though, and I was doing a great job of that all by myself. My legs ached, and I was stumbling like an idiot before I finally fell down in the middle of a tiny clearing.

I lay there, breathing hard and sweating like a hog, my pack deadweight on my heaving back. (I like to pretend it was super heavy.) I would have stayed like that for awhile too, if the sound of a twig cracking from somewhere to my left hadn't broken the silence. It took me a second, but I struggled to my feet and pulled out my dagger, which seemed to be vibrating strangely. Only then did I notice I was shaking, though I didn't really know if it was from fear or exhaustion or both.

"Who-who's there?" I had meant the words to be intimidating, you know, like a big, mean Viking; but they ended up as more of a high-pitched squeak. I felt small, in that grey forest, barely lit by a sliver of sun peeking over the horizon. And I'll admit it; I was

scared out of my pants.

"I'm warning you...I've got a kni-" I stopped talking kind of forcibly, as I was thrown onto my back by...something. All the air flew out of my body as I slammed onto the ground; it felt like I was hit by a Night Fury blast. I was seeing stars behind my closed eyelids, and it took what felt like ages for me to catch my breath, but I wasn't dead...yet. That had to be a good sign. I tried to move, but there was something pinning my arms down. Something that tightened it's talons as I struggled. Had the creatures at the village grown claws?

Finally gathering up the courage, I cracked one eye open and nearly died (again). Two huge, glowing green eyes stared down at me, burning with almost too much intelligence.

Remember what I said about Night Furies? Yeah? Good. And remember when I said I hated being wrong more than anything else? Got that too? I'm gonna revise that.

I \_despise\_ being right.

## 2. Almost

**\*\*A/N\*\***: Next chapter~ Thank you very much to everyone who has followed, favorited and reviewed so far! Keep it coming, you all are awesome. :)

**\*\*Disclaimer\*\***: I don't own HTTYD or any of the characters.

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><p>"Please don't kill me, please don't kill me, please don't kill me..." I had no idea who exactly I was talking to, but it felt good to be saying something as I stared up at those yellow-green eyes. There was no question that the dragon was a Night Fury, even if no one had ever seen one before; it was black as night, and very streamlined, perfect for flying in perfect silence (and avoiding getting killed by idiot Vikings with axes). It's pupils were black slits, kind of like a cat's, making it's gaze that much more intense.<p>

I continued my little mantra, because I really didn't know what else to do. The Night Fury tilted it's head slightly and hissed, so I slammed my mouth shut and started shaking again. Then, as suddenly as it jumped me, the dragon pushed away and shot off through the trees, propelling itself with it's wings. I laid there in shock for a few seconds (only slightly aware of how anti-climactic the moment was), but it didn't take long for me to recover enough to get up follow the dragon. I'll admit, it probably wasn't my best idea ever, but I figured that there must be water or or shelter or something where the Night Fury was going, since it wasn't just flying away.

I tried to go a little quieter through the forest this time around. The Night Fury hadn't killed me the first time we met, but I doubted it would be as charitable the second. My thoughts were running a mile a minute (definitely faster than my feet); why hadn't the dragon just killed me? There had to be a reason for it...maybe it didn't think I was threatening enough.

I was so engrossed in my thoughts that I almost didn't notice when the ground disappeared from beneath my feet ('almost' being the operative word here). Apparently the Night Fury had been camping out in a rocky gully, because I smacked against a heck of a lot of rocks before finally sliding to a stop in a big patch of dirt.

"Uunnhh...man..." As quiet as I wanted to be, what with dragons and people-eating monsters around, I couldn't help but groan and roll around for a second. "Ah...that's definitely gonna be sore in the...morning..." Per my luck, when I looked up, I was staring into those shining green eyes once again. I started scrabbling backwards, dimly aware of how futile my efforts were when the dragon opened it's mouth and that familiar glow began to collect at the back of it's throat.

Accepting the fact that I was gonna be disintegrated or blown to smithereens or something else equally horrible, I curled into a ball and covered my head with my hands, as if that was gonna help anything. The blast was deafening from so close, and I heard an unearthly screech as a bright, white light bleached the inside of my eyelids. Well, I thought, at least it didn't hurt...right?

To tell the truth, being dead wasn't all that bad. I wasn't in pain or anything, and everything around me was comfortably quiet, like I had sheep's wool shoved into my ears. Cautiously, because I wasn't sure if I wanted to see where I was, I cracked one eye open. When nothing horrible happened, I opened my eyes completely and disentangled my own limbs so I could sit up.

Okay, so I wasn't dead. I was in the same little valley in the middle of the forest, and as I sat there, the aches from my fall began to return. The Night Fury was nowhere to be found, but there was a huge burnt patch across the gully, probably made by the dragons fireball, which I thought was meant for me. (I don't really blame the dragon; I would have killed me too, if I had invaded my space like that.)

Slowly regaining the feeling in my limbs, I stood shakily, using the walls of the ravine as a handrail to make my way over to the blackened circle of ground. At first, I didn't see anything out of the ordinary; I had examined plenty of dragon-induced burns before, and this one looked no different. But on closer inspection, I found a charred bone, and it looked human. I poked around with my foot and discovered more bones partially buried in the ashes. Everything began to click into place, and a knot of terror began to wind up in my gut.

The Night Fury was going to kill me, but had redirected it's attention when one of the flesh-eaters had wandered into (well, more like ran-into-with-malicious-intent) its - his - home. The dragon had then flown away, probably to get away from the things, which were presumably heading in this direction. Great. Just...brilliant.

I took a deep breath and stomped back around the gully to retrieve my pack, which had fallen off in the earlier confusion and panic. I hitched it onto my back, then trudged down to a small stream that flowed down one side of the ravine and the lake which it fed. In the rush to leave the village, I (of course) had forgotten to grab a

waterskin, so I gulped down as much water as I could. There were plenty of little creeks and streams running through the forest, so I figured I'd be okay on water for the time being.

Once I was done drinking enough to satisfy a yak, I straightened up and looked around for a way out of the ravine. Most of the walls were unscalable, nothing but sheer rock straight up. However, there were a few spots that looked like they could be climbed, so I made my way over to one and began my ascent, silently praying none of my used-to-be-neighbors were at the top waiting for me.

Halfway up the sort-of-cliff, I froze. My arms weren't too happy about it, but I ignored them and strained my ears; I could have sworn I heard movement on the other side of the valley. I hung there, paralyzed, as my worst fears began to slowly materialize from the bushes across the chasm. Apparently they traveled in packs or something, because at least five of the hideous creatures were shuffling towards me. They weren't that scary, actually, when they weren't chasing you; they moved slowly and awkwardly, and their eyes were dull and unfocused. Their skin seemed dry and cracked, almost scaled, and their clothes, or what was left of them, hung off their skeletal frames in tatters. Long, jagged teeth grew out of their mouths, occasionally stabbing through their owner's lips.

It didn't seem like the things had noticed me, so I debated just staying where I was until they moved on. I doubted, however, that my arms could hold out that long, so I very carefully began climbing again. Everything was going fine, surprisingly, until a rather large rock decided to dislodge itself from the wall and fall to the ground with a muffled thud.

Like I've said before, if it weren't for bad luck, I'd have no luck at all. Thankfully, the creatures were pretty stupid, or just relied a bit too much on instinct, because as soon as they heard the noise, they started screeching and rushed towards it, promptly tumbling down the cliff. I clenched my eyes shut a split-second before they hit the bottom, but the sickening crunches I heard were more than enough to paint a grotesque picture in my mind.

My secrecy obviously gone, I began to scramble up the cliff again, trying (and failing) to block out the awful noises the creatures made when they ran. I didn't look down, afraid of what I would see, until I felt, rather than heard, one of them slam against the cliff beneath me. My body threatened to seize up as pure terror coursed through me, but I forced myself to keep going; that is, until I reached a spot where the handholds abruptly disappeared.

I tried to hold it back, I really did, but a choked sob wriggled its way out of my throat as I glanced below me. It looked like the things were beginning to get the gist of climbing, so I only had a few minutes before they would yank me off the side of the cliff and— Well, you get the idea.

It may have just been my terror-wracked brain, but the shrieks that drifted up to me sounded almost triumphant as the first flesh-eater hauled its malformed body onto the cliff-face. I swore my heart was going to explode as I looked frantically above me, trying desperately (and futilely) to find another handhold. I couldn't even go sideways; I was well and truly stuck.

Then, as if I wasn't having a bad enough day, the deep, concussive sound of wingbeats began to rattle in my chest. The things below me apparently heard it too, because they started screeching towards the sky, seemingly confused. I braced myself as I heard the familiar whistle that came before a Night Fury blast, but still jumped, almost losing my footing, as the three creatures still on the ground exploded with a wet, splattering sound.

I almost relaxed (almost being the operative word, once again), but what was supposed to be a calming exhalation turned into a drawn out scream as I was plucked off the cliff by a pair of midnight-black, long-taloned, scaly feet.

What an exciting day. Almost eaten, almost blown to bits, almost eaten again...and now dropped hundreds of feet to my death by a crazy Night Fury. Excellent.

### 3. Fish

**\*\*A/N\*\***: Here's chapter three~ It's mostly just Hiccup/Toothless bonding time, so, sorry people who want violence and gore. You'll get your wish soon enough!

Also, thank you very much to everyone who has favorited, followed and reviewed so far! You guys are awesome, keep it up.  
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**\*\*Disclaimer\*\***: I don't own HTTYD or any of the characters, and I made no money off of this.

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><p>'Bad days' and 'Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third' usually go hand in hand, I'll admit, but this was going a little far. I had no idea where this insane dragon was taking me; I had never heard of humans being carried away before, as dragons normally just stole livestock. Maybe this one had babies to feed or somethingâ€|<p>

Either way, I was still dangling under a crazed Night Fury with some kind of agenda, with nowhere to go but down. I wasn't too pleased with that idea, especially after chancing a glance below me. Though I couldn't tell exactly where we were going, the trees were moving awfully fast, and were a tad bit too small for my taste. Eventually, I just closed my eyes and prayed that I wouldn't throw up or die or something else horrible.

I couldn't tell exactly how long I was in the air, but by the time the Night Fury dropped me back onto solid ground my arms were aching and my skin felt like it was going to fall off at any second. Apparently my legs were a mite unstable as well; I tried to stand, and immediately flopped back down to the ground like a boned fish. (Yeah, I pretty much only know fish metaphors.) The one good thing about the dragon holding my upper arms (there were lots of bad things, like the huge bruises that were forming and the fact I couldn't feel my hands) was that my pack hadn't fallen off, so I still had the little bit of food I had grabbed from the house. Not that it would help at this point, because I was probably about to become food myself.

I laid in the same spot for quite awhile, wondering if it was the only thing keeping me alive. I had no idea where the Night Fury had gone; it was possible he was behind me just waiting for me to move. Or maybe he flew away to get a side course for his lunch or something. After several minutes of not being eaten though, I decided to chance a look around. Pushing myself up on my elbows, I blinked a few times and glanced side to side quickly, almost afraid of what I would see. It turned out to be pretty unimpressive, actually, and nothing like what I would expect a dragon lair to be (if this was even the Night Fury's 'lair').

It seemed to me that Night Furies enjoyed grass. Yeah, that statement's a little stupid, but it makes sense. The dragon had dropped me beside a large river, in a clearing completely surrounded by tall grass that would probably reach up to my chest if I was standing. Deciding to test this statement, I maneuvered myself into a crouch and stood slowly, still glancing around cautiously for any signs of the dragon. The grass stretched out for miles in any direction I looked, interrupted every now and then by small patches of trees. The ground was trampled grass instead of dirt, and seemed more like a floor than anything. I had always thought that dragons lived in caves, but given the piles of bones here and there, I guess I thought wrong.

So, I didn't know where I was, or where to go, but that wasn't that bad; I couldn't go back to the village, so I was actually in better shape than before. I was farther away from the creatures, so that was good, and I hadn't been eaten yet.

Suddenly, it hit me like a ton of bricks; everyone I had ever known and loved was gone, either scoffed up by flesh-eating, dragonesque monsters, or turned into the monsters themselves. I forgot what I had been thinking about and sunk to my knees. Sure, pretty much all of the village people had been complete jerks to me, but they were still the only people I had ever known, and I had a few friends, kind of. My dad, for one. He always pushed me to be more Viking-like, and he wasn't one to suffer fools lightly (and I acted foolish a lot), but I never wanted him dead. Never ever, not for a second. I didn't want any of them dead, not even the other teenagers that enjoyed shoving me face first into pig sties.

But maybe some of them had gotten away. I had, after all, and I was the scrawniest kid there. (Even the babies had more muscle than me.) My dad would never let himself get bitten by one of those horrid things. Yeah, there had to be survivors, at least a few.

I felt a bit better after a few minutes of thinking, but that didn't stop the tears that I didn't bother to choke back. I wasn't sobbing or anything; I was more shocked than sad, and it felt good to let the tears come. It's not like anyone was watching. At least, I didn't think anyone was watching.

I nearly screamed when I wiped my eyes and saw a big, black head sticking out of the water in front of me. The dragon was watching me like I was the most interesting thing he had ever seen, but he didn't look hungry or angry. He looked genuinely curious, and it was more than a little disconcerting. Now I was just confused; the Night Fury was cute, and that's definitely not an adjective we Vikings use to describe dragons. Of course, I wasn't really like normal



Vikings.

"Ummâ€¦ So, since you haven't killed me yet, does that mean you're not going to? 'Cause I would really like it if- Hey, whoa there!" I scrambled backwards as the dragon shot out of the water, spraying me with little droplets as he made his way towards me. On instinct, because I was used to things that are bigger than me getting up in my business, I curled into a ball and tried to protect my head, though now that I think about it, it probably wouldn't have helped at all. Instead of razor sharp teeth and talons ripping me into fish food however, I felt something pulling at my pack, either trying to get it off or open. I wriggled out of the straps and backed away, watching as the Night Fury inspected my pack.

Happily accepting that I wasn't going to die, I leaned back comfortably. "What are you trying to doâ€¦?" The dragon was starting to look frustrated, as it couldn't get the pack open, and eventually picked it up in its mouth and chucked it back at me. It smacked me right in the face; luckily, it wasn't that full. "Good aim. But my bag is gonna be ruined, you have sharpâ€¦huh." Surprisingly, there were no holes or rips in the thin leather, and even the worn straps were fine. I guess I was lucky.

Being so used to having dragons destroy my home, it felt crazy weird to be having a (one-sided) conversation with one. But this dragon didn't seem bloodthirsty or destructive at all; he was just inquisitive, and was obviously more intelligent than any other dragon I'd seen. He watched me examine the pack, slightly dilated pupils following my every movement.

As I opened the bag to check the contents, I finally realized what the Night Fury had been after. "Oh, dragons love fishâ€¦ You're after this, aren't you?" I pulled out one of the strips of dried fish, and the dragon's ears immediately sprang up. As much as I tried to hold it back, I couldn't help but smile as I threw the fish in the dragon's direction. It landed a foot or so away, and the dragon all but pounced on it, slurping it up with his tongue. I saw then why my pack hadn't been torn to shreds; the dragon had no teeth!

"Butâ€¦I could have sworn you had-" I stopped talking as a strange, hacking noise reverberated through the Night Fury's chest, culminating in a disgusting gag as he choked up the fish. Suddenly, the wickedly sharp teeth I knew I had seen earlier reappeared in his mouth and he snatched the fish up again, this time chewing comically before swallowing a second time. "-teethâ€¦"

The Night Fury â€œ I decided to call him Toothless, because it suited him â€œ then sat back on his haunches and looked at me expectantly. I was loath to give up more of the fish, but I figured keeping the dragon happy would probably be in both of our best interests, so I threw another piece at him. He caught this one in midair, and started chewing once again.

It was passed noon at this point, and watching Toothless eat was making me hungry, so I pulled out my own strip of fish and some bread and had lunch. While I ate, I wondered what exactly the dragon in front of me was thinking. Did he just want the fish in my pack? Sure, it was marinated to perfection, but I don't think a dragon would kidnap a random kid just to get at the food he was carrying. Maybe he was saving meâ€¦if he hadn't been there, those creatures would have

eaten me for sure. That idea sounded a bit too good to be true, however, so I pushed it aside.

I did feel safe with Toothless though. Now that I had seen his mellow-er side, he wasn't scary anymore, and I'd definitely rather have him with me if I stumbled across anymore flesh-eaters. But dragons and Vikings were mortal enemies; we couldn't just team up because something was killing us humans. That would be good for the dragons, after allâ€¦wouldn't it?

Suddenly exhausted, and a bit fuller than I had been previously, I tossed the last piece of fish to Toothless and laid back, using my pack as a pillow. I could take a short nap, then leave Toothless and find somewhere I could build a proper shelter, and maybe start thinking about looking for more survivors, or checking up on the village. For all I knew, Dad had tracked down the creatures and killed them all, and life would be back to normal. I snorted; it was a nice thought, at least. I was nothing if not optimistic. (Sometimes.)

Just before I closed my eyes, I noticed Toothless, who had curled up several feet away from me and was now staring at me again. "Toothlessâ€¦I gave you fish, so you'll keep me safe, right? While I sleep?"

Maybe it was just my shock-addled brain, but I could have sworn the dragon had nodded ever so slightly.

End  
file.